



Published by the Press Publishing Company.

SATURDAY EVENING, JAN. 16.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE EVENING WORLD

(Including Postage)

PER MONTH.....\$0.05

PER YEAR.....\$0.50

Vol. 82.....No. 11,108

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as second-class matter.

5th BRANCH OFFICE:  
WORLD TOWNS OFFICE—1267 BROADWAY—  
between 31st and 32d sts., New York.  
BROOKLYN—309 WASHINGTON ST. HARLEM—  
News Department, 150 EAST 126TH ST. Adver-  
tisements at 287 EAST 115TH ST.  
PHILADELPHIA, Pa.—1200 N. 5TH ST., 112  
N. 12TH ST., WASHINGTON—210 14TH ST.  
LONDON OFFICE—25 COCKSPUR ST., TRAFAL-  
GAR SQUARE.

The Evening World Prints Associated Press News.

## A Gain of

36,213

PER DAY.

The following figures are taken from the books of THE WORLD and are SUBJECT TO ANY TEST or comparison to which extended contemporaries may be pleased to subject them:

Total number of WORLDS printed bona fide during December, 1890.....9,208,780

Total number of WORLDS printed bona fide during December, 1891.....10,331,420

Total gain for December, 1891.....1,122,640

AVERAGE PER DAY FOR DECEMBER, 1890.....297,058.

AVERAGE PER DAY FOR DECEMBER, 1891.....333,271.

AVERAGE GAIN PER DAY FOR 1891.....36,213.

INCREASE IN ADVERTISING.

Number of Advertisements in THE WORLD during the month of December, 1890.....52,659

During the month of December, 1891.....59,014

A Gain of 6,355

Advertisements.

THE WORLD will not, under any circumstances, hold itself responsible for the return or safe-keeping of any rejected manuscripts or pictures, of whatsoever character or value. No exceptions will be made to this rule with regard to either letters or illustrations. Nor will the editor enter into correspondence concerning unavailable manuscripts.

THE IDEAL EXCISE LAW.

An ideal Excise Law would be one which was so just that no excuse would be left for officers not enforcing it or licensed parties not fully obeying it. Such a law must needs embody a great deal of the home rule principle in its application to the cities and towns of the State. Otherwise it could not avoid a degree of discrimination which would militate against its command of respect.

A law as close to the ideal as might be would recognize the reasonable rights and privileges of one citizen as much as those of another whatever be the degree of worldly prosperity attaching to the one man or the other. It would meet as exactly as possible the demands of a thinking majority of the community and at the same time embrace all proper provisions for the protection of the thinking minority.

Such a law, in this day, to meet a strong and growing demand, found especially in the urban communities, must include a moderate Sunday selling provision. One which will allow the poor man to purchase beer for his table on the first day of the week as openly as the rich man brings on his bottle of wine.

There is no assault upon Sunday observance involved here. It is simply a question of popular and individual rights. The butcher, the baker, the grocer, the druggist and other merchants do business openly all of them, on Sunday. There is no reason why the seller of beer should not, under certain restrictions to which he will not object, quietly and lawfully deal out his goods that day to the people to whom the beer is as much a regular part of the household provision as is beefsteak or a loaf of bread.

"Died by his own hand" is the verdict an Oxford (O.) Coroner's jury rendered in the case of a negro who was hanged by a mob and whose body dangled from a tree all night. The verdict was based on the fact that the fellow shot at himself when pursued, on finding that he could not escape. The mob is left in doubt, perhaps, as to whether it ought to be glad to find its hands pronounced bloodless or made to think of the unnecessary trouble and rope which it took to hang a man already good as dead.

The broken rail caused another railway horror yesterday. It is one of the causes of accident marked, as a rule, "unpreventable," assuming, of course, that a roadway is kept under proper inspection and that the rail was properly tested be-

fore being used. In the Janesville case yesterday the weather, perhaps, had something to do with the break, the night having been the coldest of the season.

The failure of the Republican National Committee to settle for services rendered was one of the alleged causes of ANNA DICKINSON'S insanity. And now it is declared that a poor Indiana photographer has gone crazy through disappointment at not being rewarded for Republican campaign service in 1888. The gratitude of the ex-Grand Old Party is conspicuous for the ways in which it isn't manifested.

Electroconvulsion hasn't stood in the way of murder yet. Yesterday, however, it turned up as a great block to the process of getting a jury for CHARLEY HARRIS. The lawmakers could realize that the "press-gang" provision of the law, as an exaggerated endeavor to secure an awful secrecy, is responsible for much of the apprehension exhibited by yesterday's candidates for the box.

A young man is in jail in Brooklyn for stealing the religious books by studying which he hoped to qualify himself for the ministry. It would take a very good ending, indeed, to convince the public that such a bad beginning towards a ministerial career was justifiable. It is to be feared that the young man is not of such stuff as makes effective preachers.

LOUIS FERRILL is an orphan, but neither poor nor defenseless as long as he keeps his present good right arm. She knocked out in one-two-three order a trio of Macomb, Ill., loafers, who insulted her in the post-office of that town yesterday. Even cold type ought to jump with satisfaction in telling this little incident.

The morning despatches from the Mexican border report, as usual, that the troops have scattered GARZA'S men. Either those rebels have remarkable facilities for reassembling after one convention have been dissolved, or GARZA has a bigger lump of followers than he gets regular credit for.

An Indiana girl elopes with an old admirer on the night she was to have married a new one. Congratulations to the deserted one, who has only to mourn a departed best girl where he might, a few hours later, have had occasion to grieve for a lost wife.

JOHN L. STULLMAN has sworn off again, and has made a temperance speech at Tacoma. It is to be hoped his sober intentions will not suffer another knock-out.

Those who had to come back to port on the listed California yesterday are well satisfied that a tidal wave is not merely one of old Neptune's pleasures.

Congress yesterday indorsed with a very marked degree of emphasis Mr. Horner's "Object" public subsidies for private business enterprises.

The "Chilian war cloud" is a haze which prevents too many people in high places from seeing the real Chilian situation as plainly as they should.

## THE CLEANER

I see that Tommy Connell, the popular little runner, who went to earn fresh laurels across the sea, is laid up in the Richmond Hospital, Dublin, with a strained ankle, the result of an accident on board the Umbria while crossing. He was always singularly unfortunate as regards health while in this country, and his ill luck seems to have followed him abroad.

Members of the American Pet Dog Club are in arms against the Westminster Kennel Club for what they deem a snub. The pet dog contingent want their pups judged separately and distinctly at the coming dog show, whereas the Westminster Kennel Club purports to place pups in the miscellaneous class. At its meeting yesterday the A. P. D. C. scored the W. K. C. for ignoring their proposition.

Mrs. Richard Watson Gilder bears such a striking resemblance to Mrs. Grover Cleveland that she is frequently mistaken for the ex-President's wife. To be stared into confusion by the gaping public is to her no uncommon occurrence.

Ex-Warden Fuller, whose removal from Clinton Prison was one of ex-Gov. Hill's last official suggestions, is a big, handsome fellow, with a jovial disposition, although he is a serious disciplinarian. He is an ardent Democrat, and now that he is out of office it will not harm to repeat a story told me one occasion when the ex-warden relaxed discipline to fittingly celebrate his party's victory at the polls.

Clinton Prison has a convict brass band. Some of its members are "lie" men, and altogether it is one of the features of the institution. Daughters are in the heart of a wild dance, and the little village does not boast of a musician outside the prison walls. The night of Nov. 4 last, when the news of the sweeping Democratic victory was flashed over the wires, the jubilant democrats of the village got up an impromptu torchlight procession, only music was lacking. A committee waited upon Warden Fuller, and explaining the situation, begged that the convict band might lead their parade. The warden was obliged to it; it would be contrary to discipline.

The appeals to his patriotism were too strong to be resisted, however, and finally declaring that it should never be said that he refused to help celebrate such a glorious victory he ordered out the band. With their stripes concealed by citizens' overcoats the tooting convicts marched at the head of the shouting democrats—a torchlight procession the like of which has never been known. It might be added that the striped musicians entered heartily into the spirit of the occasion, and returned to their cells wishing there might be a Democratic victory every day.

## Two Battles With The Grip

Mr. Jacob Knapp, a well-known market man and dealer in meats, lard, hides, etc., in Market, Iowa, says: "I have had the grip for two winters, and this last winter I was so badly off I could not eat and could not rest because of convulsions. I took medicine from physicians here, but did not get any relief. Having heard of Hood's Sarsaparilla, I took it and it helped me so much I could soon attend to my business. I have taken eight bottles at the rate of one bottle a day, and have a splendid appetite. Before taking it I was a nervous, weak, and feeble man, and now I feel strong and well."

Hood's Sarsaparilla I wanted to get down or let down all the time, but now I feel as strong as ever." JACOB KNAPP, Zion, Iowa.

Try Hood's Sarsaparilla.

## CLAY IN FAIR HANDS.

American Husbands Managed by Their Home-Queens.

Symposium of Past Mistresses of Domestic Diplomacy.

Many Wives' Experiences at the Matrimonial Helm.

Evidences multiply daily in this column that American women are the brightest, the best and the dearest in the world. No other people is needed than is found in their recipes for husband-managing. A matrimonial home is certain to result from their publication.

THE EVENING WORLD would like to print a very large supplement each day to publish all the letters received in this contest. All, however, will be considered in deciding upon the winner.

The contest is governed by the following CONDITIONS.

THE EVENING WORLD will give a gold double eagle to the woman who shows best "How to Manage a Husband." The plan must be contained in two hundred words, written on one side of the paper, have the writer's name and address and necessarily for publication, and be directed to HENRY E. EDWIN, EVENING WORLD, FULTON BUILDING.

Stood the Test of Forty Years.

I have never undertaken to manage my husband, but have only tried to be a kind and faithful wife and mother, and keep a neat and cheerful home.

We have been blessed with eight sons. Some we have lost by death. The others, seeing the happiness of their parents married life, have taken unto themselves wives and are now in homes of their own.

We are left alone, but after forty years my husband loves his home as well as ever, and never cares to leave it after business hours, only when accompanied by his wife.

Mrs. L. A. GREENE, N. J.

True Womanliness Alone Needed.

Conscientiously do your duty and earn his respect for you. Do not be too inquisitive, but show a proper amount of interest in all that concerns your husband. Be sure that, having chosen you, he prefers you to all others, and do not give way to jealousy and unworthy suspicion.

If you have children, teach them to obey him and respect his authority. Above all things, be keepers at home and look well to the ways of the household. Love will then follow, and a strained ankle, the result of an accident on board the Umbria while crossing. He was always singularly unfortunate as regards health while in this country, and his ill luck seems to have followed him abroad.

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## SKETCHES BY M. QUAD.

The Boy with the Clock.

A boy about twelve years of age, having a pocket watch under his arm, boarded a third avenue surface car at Forty-second street the other day. There was just one vacant seat at the time, and that in the middle of the car. He dropped into it, but as he sat down there was a whirr-r-r! which was strong upon ten feet long, and then something slowly struck eleven. Everybody at once realized that it was a clock he had wrapped up in the newspaper. The boy looked scared as the thing went off, and he sat very quiet and held a very firm grip on the clock to prevent a further racket. Not more than an minute had passed, however, when there was a whizzing and whirring and the hammer struck twelve on the bell.



"What's that noise?" demanded an old man who sat reading a paper at the end of the car.

The boy blushed as red as a rose and gasped for breath, and pretty soon the old man began reading again.

"Whirr-whizz-lang!" went the clock again, and though the boy hung on for dear life, it struck twenty-three on the clock before it stopped.

"Who's a-folling with that clock?" exclaimed the old man, as he stood up to look around.

"This boy is taking a clock down to his house, I suppose," replied a woman with a basket, who sat next to the lad.

"He is, eh? Well, he ought to know better than to get into a street-car with a jangling old clock to disturb folks. It's getting so that one can't ride."

"Whirr-whizz-lang!" buzzed the clock, and then the hammer came down twice on the bell.

"I guess a person can have a clock repaired if they want to," remarked the woman with a snarl of her eyes.

"I don't say they can't," replied the old man, "but there isn't no use of legging it all over New York. Why didn't that boy walk?"

"That boy" was now turning white and red by turns, and would have given ten years of his life to be out on the sidewalk.

"I guess a boy has as much right to ride as a man," replied the woman; and as if to prove her statement the clock struck thirty-eight times.

"This is a nice state of affairs, I must say," shouted the old man as he folded up his paper. "The idea of a boy being allowed to bring an old clock in here to set everybody's nerves on edge!"

"I don't seem to affect anybody but you," said the woman, as she bestowed a glance of encouragement on the trembling boy.

"I don't care whether it does or not! I'm a lookin' at the principle of the thing. Suppose I should insist on bringin' a horse fiddle into the car and sawin' away on it? How long?"

The clock now seemed to get its back up, and the hammer fell forty-three times on the bell before stopping.

"Hoss-fiddles is different from clocks," replied the woman as the noise died away.

"Well, I'm neither a clock nor a hoss-fiddle," testily continued the old man, "and I'll therefore get off. If boys and clocks and hoss-fiddles and women have more rights than men on this line I'll take some other!"

He made for the door, and the clock went whizz-whizz, and had got up to eleven times before he was off the step. The boy wanted to follow but the woman had a hand on his arm and detained him, and when I dropped off at twenty-third street the clock had struck twenty-five without a stop and was still peeping away in the most hilarious manner.

M. QUAD.

Revealed, but Not Discouraged.

The fact that the physicians have discovered the grip bacillus does not seem to abate the activity of the disease. The bacillus is getting in his work just as if its existence had never been made public.

The Starter Not in the Finish.

A race-horse starter has just been engaged at a salary of \$25,000 per annum, but it is the man who can arrange a good finish who makes the fortune.

One More Chance for Ben.

If Harrison intends still to kick up a war with China, it is a chance for martial fame. The Indians on the Tonquin River are getting hungry.

Prosperity a Cause of Death.

A post-mortem over the deceased Partners' Alliance would disclose the cause of its death to be general prosperity. For the most part, crazy schemes of new parties are born and flourish in hard times.

## THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

Fads, Fancies and Fashions That Delight the Gentler Sex.

Photograph Screens—Trimming for Close Coat—Sleeves—Heart-Shaped Watches—Bangs for Little Girls—The Value of Bonnet—Strings.

Photographs have become so large in themselves and so numerous that it is a problem now to show them to advantage. It is impossible to frame them all, for we do not care to see likenesses of every friend we possess perpetually on evidence. An excellent idea for disposing of them is a natty little fire-screen in white painted wood, covered with brocade, and fitted with rows of pockets. Into these pockets the photographs can be slipped in such a manner as to be still sufficiently visible, while from being placed at various angles they have a gracefully artistic air. These fire-screens look up the stiff line at the cabinet frame, and are greatly liked. Frames covered with gold leather and every possible hue of brocade are in demand.

At Tony Pastor's Theatre next week the programme will include Tony Pastor, Maggie, the original London production. The repertoire will be as follows: Monday, "The School for Scandal"; Tuesday, "The School for Scandal"; Wednesday, "The School for Scandal"; Thursday, "The School for Scandal"; Friday, "The School for Scandal"; Saturday, "The School for Scandal"; Sunday, "The School for Scandal".

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## OUR THEATRES NEXT WEEK.

"Equire Kate's" First Night at the Lyceum Theatre.

Many New Bills in the City, Harlem and Brooklyn.

A "first night" at the Lyceum Theatre is always a very interesting event. Theatre-goers always know that, whatever may be the verdict upon the play, it will be beautifully presented and admirably acted. The Lyceum has a "first night" on Monday, when a new play by Robert Buchanan, called "Equire Kate," will be acted for the first time on any stage by the members of Mr. Frohman's excellent stock company. "Equire Kate" is described as a "pastoral comedy drama," and it will be a new departure for the theatre. The play is not expected to run through the season, for it is announced that it will be followed by a New York society comedy.

The repertoire at the Metropolitan Opera House next week will be as follows: Monday, Mozart's "Don Giovanni," with a cast including Albert, Lilli Lehmann, Van Zandt, Lassalle, Kallisch, Serbelloni, Viviani and Edmond de Reszke; Tuesday, "Cavalleria Rusticana," with a cast including Albert, Lilli Lehmann, Van Zandt, Lassalle, Kallisch, Serbelloni, Viviani and Edmond de Reszke; Wednesday, "Les Huguenots," with a cast including Albert, Lilli Lehmann, Van Zandt, Lassalle, Kallisch, Serbelloni, Viviani and Edmond de Reszke; Thursday, "Les Huguenots," with a cast including Albert, Lilli Lehmann, Van Zandt, Lassalle, Kallisch, Serbelloni, Viviani and Edmond de Reszke; Friday, "Les Huguenots," with a cast including Albert, Lilli Lehmann, Van Zandt, Lassalle, Kallisch, Serbelloni, Viviani and Edmond de Reszke; Saturday, "Les Huguenots," with a cast including Albert, Lilli Lehmann, Van Zandt, Lassalle, Kallisch, Serbelloni, Viviani and Edmond de Reszke; Sunday, "Les Huguenots," with a cast including Albert, Lilli Lehmann, Van Zandt, Lassalle, Kallisch, Serbelloni, Viviani and Edmond de Reszke.

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